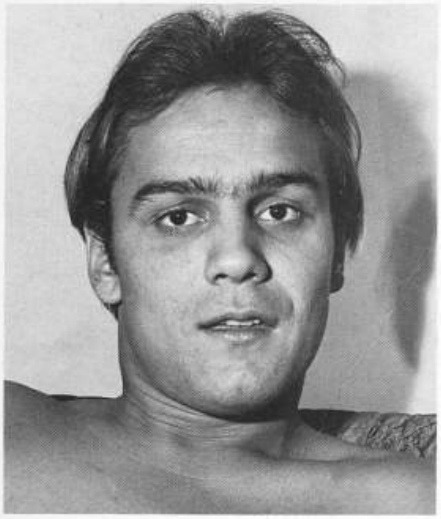
$10

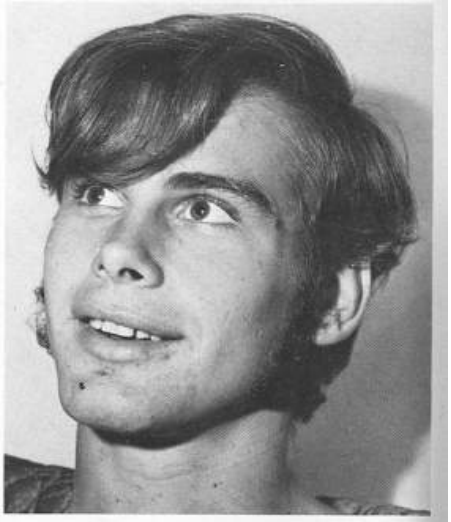
HEAD STRONG

Adults Only



Tom Mercer

Bill Graves



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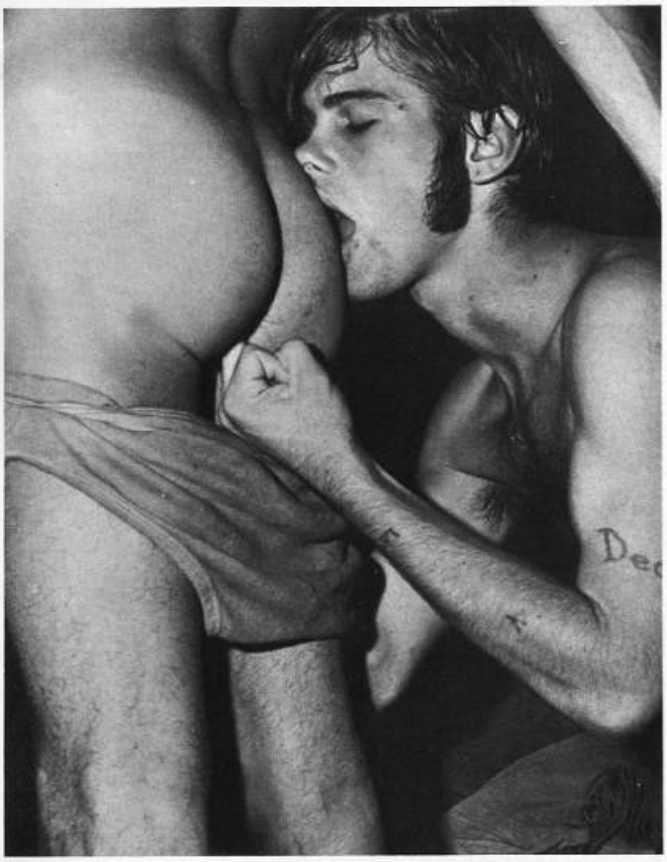

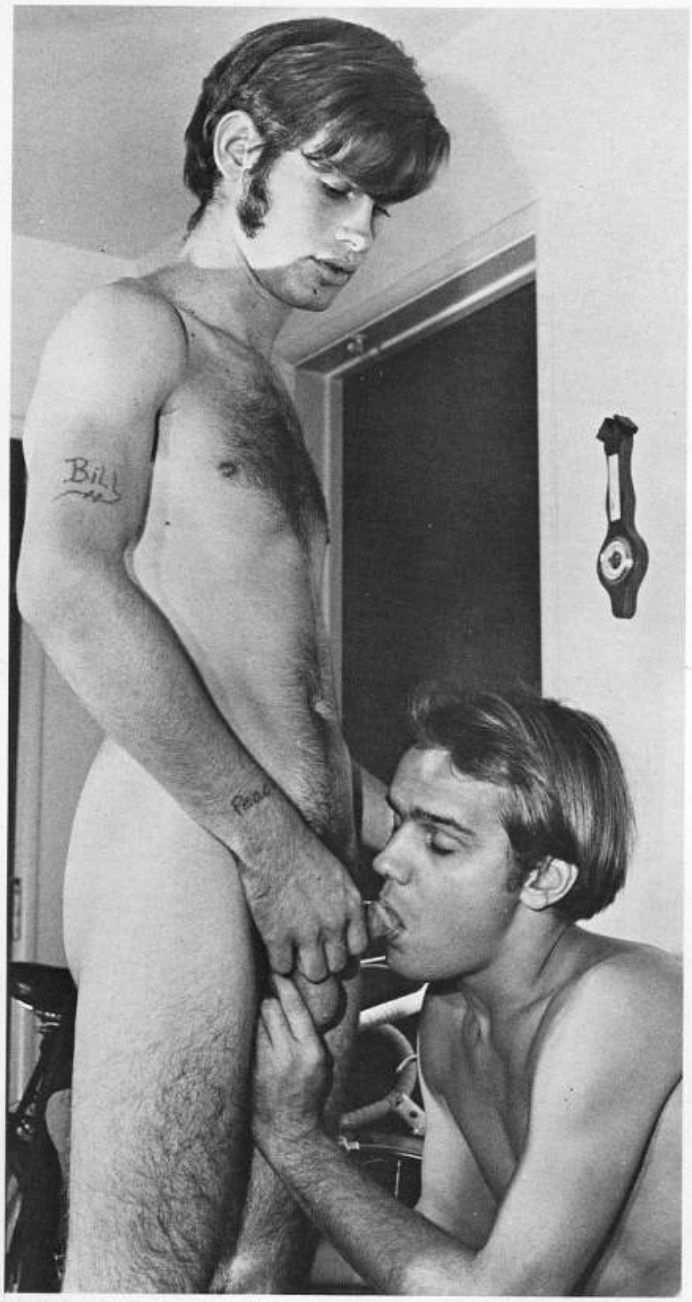

Zowie! A whole month to myself! My folks were taking a second honeymoon to celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary and I had the apartment to myself. For a whole fucking month!

Usually the apartment wouldn't do anything for me. A guy who lives with his family has plenty of places away from home where he has his fun, but this new kid moved into our building, and I had plans for him.

Every day after school, he'd come home for about ten minutes and then take off again. I couldn't think of a way to meet him, so I worked on getting to know his mother.

I spotted her in the laundry room, so I grabbed some dirty shorts, then switched to clean ones because I wanted to impress her.

I introduced myself and welcomed her to the building. I told her it was a nice quiet neighborhood, the right place for a kid to grow up in, and that started her talking about her son.

She was proud of his high marks and what she called his "gentlemanly behavior," but she was a little worried about him missing out on the "fun" of being a teenager. He was always rushing off to the library to study every afternoon and evening and didn't seem to have many friends. He had no interest in sports, and she wished he led a more "normal" life.

My ears stood up at that—it may not mean what I was thinking, but then again, it might. The odds were in my favor.

I suggested that I could help him finish his homework faster, since I was a year ahead of him in school, and then we'd have time for some bike riding, my favorite sport. A healthy mind in a healthy body, and all that kind of rot.

She was delighted with my idea and said she would tell Tom to drop in to see me after dinner. I warned her that kids don't usually like to follow their par-

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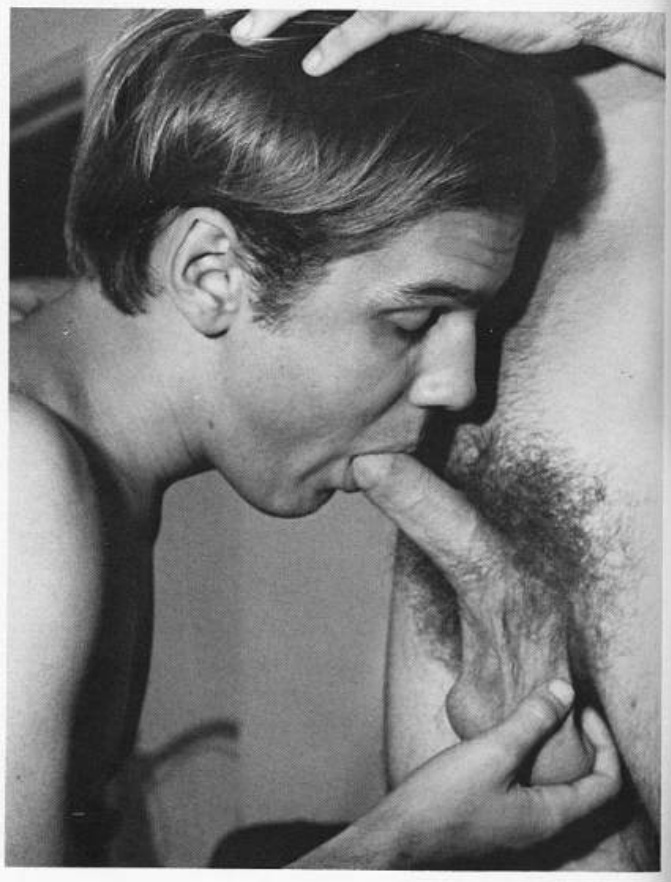

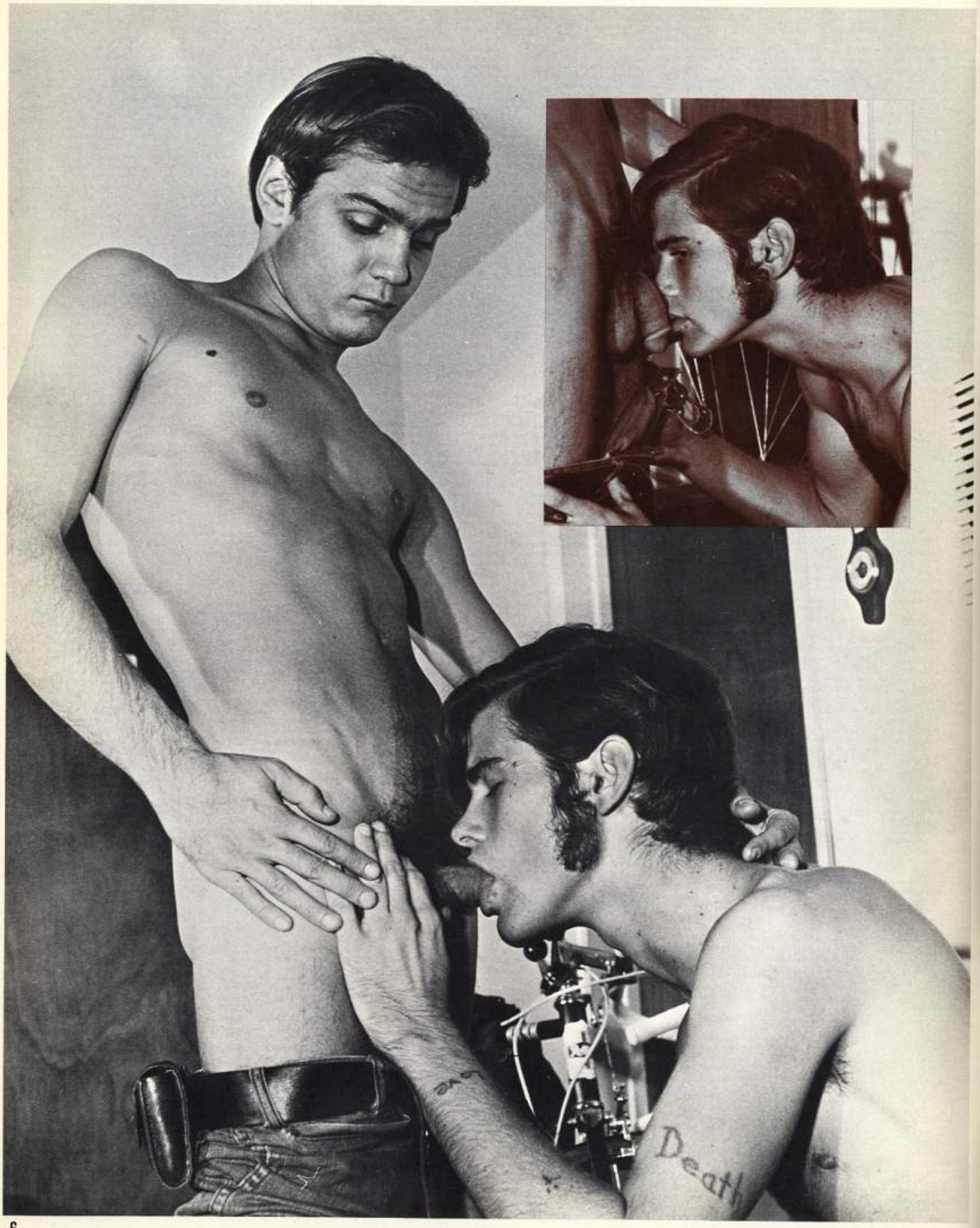
Death

ents' recommendations, so I would try to suggest it to him myself.

I took my bike out for a short spin and returned in time to intercept Tom. I told him I was having a little trouble with the brake and asked his help in fixing it. The evening was getting cool so I suggested we work on it in my apartment.

I didn't want to waste time just studying with this kid if he wasn't interested in sex with me, so I shifted the seduction into high gear.

I told him to squeeze the brake handle while I worked on the spring. He straddled the bike and sat on the seat as I hoped he'd do.

"How's it feel?" I asked.

"How does *what* feel?"

"The seat. I call it my 'sex machine'. I picked out

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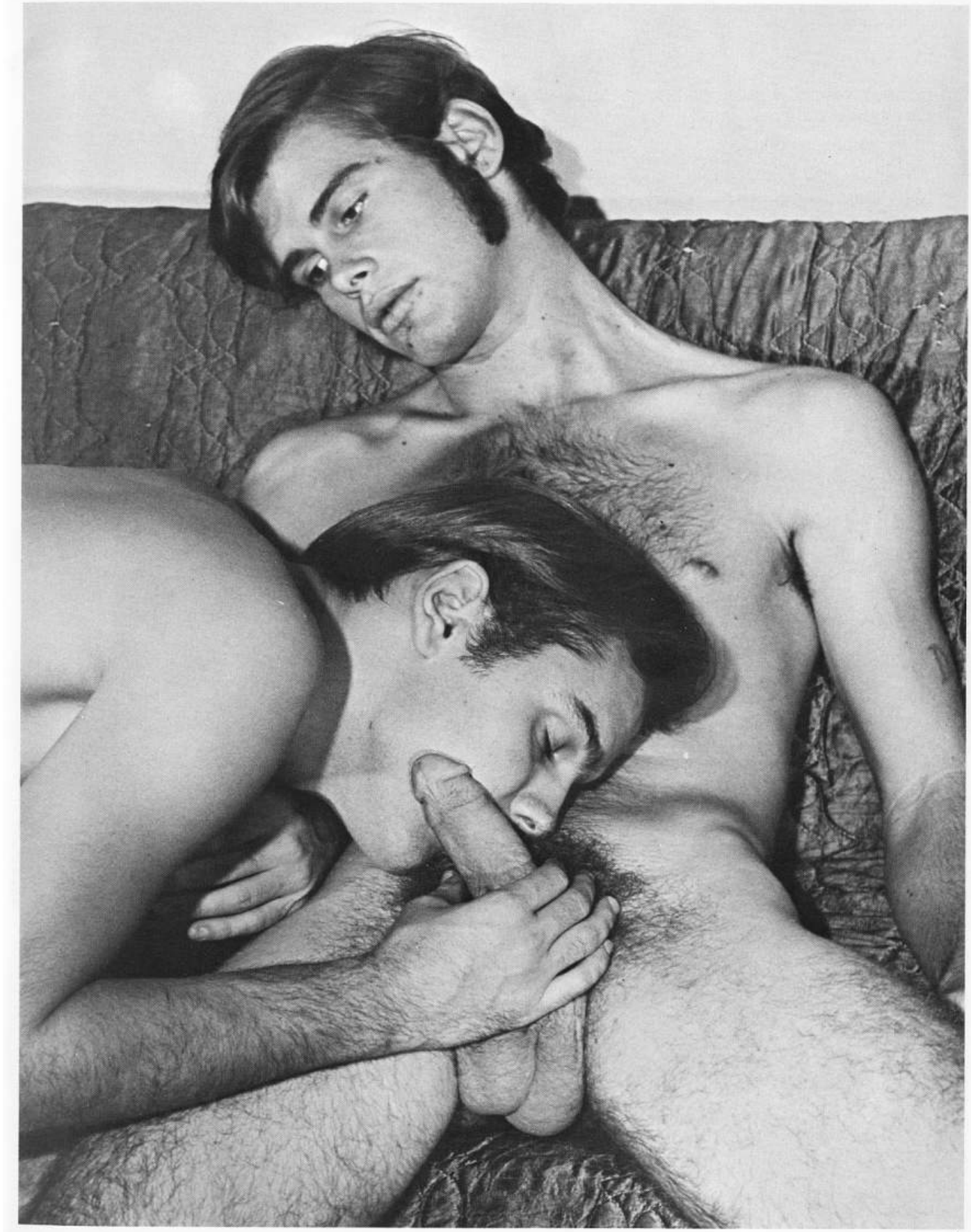

that style because it makes me horny to just sit on it. I can't pedal for more than a block without throwing a rod."

"It . . . it . . . feels . . . comfortable."

I stood up and squeezed my hand in between the seat and his crotch. "The way the front sticks up, it pushes my balls up and makes my cock strain against my pants. And it massages the space between my balls and ass."

I demonstrated by pushing his balls up a few times and then sliding my hand farther under him. He must have liked it because he lifted a bit off the seat to give me room to move.

I pressed my fingers around his asshole area and I felt him shiver. I was getting to him! I looked at his crotch and, sure enough, there was a bulge that

wasn't there before.

"I should have warned you, you'd better get this out of a cramped position or it might break off," I said, as I moved his cock, under his pants, upward and sideward, where *it* had more room, and *I* had more room to get at it.

He was breathing hard and he moaned when I squeezed his hard-on. I knew I had him exactly where I wanted him. His eyes and mouth were wide open and I took the opportunity to stick my tongue all the way into the latter.

He made some garbled noises and tried to pull back, but I followed with my head. I wasn't going to hold him with my hands, I had no intention of trying to rape him if he was unwilling.

(Continued on Page 12)

He remained still for a while and then I felt his hand on my shoulder. He started pushing his face harder into mine and kissing for real.

His hands went under my jacket and T-shirt and were rubbing every part of my chest and back. It was as if I had pulled a trigger that released a spring in him. He seemed as if he wanted to know what my body was like, inside and out. His mouth was sucking up a storm and his cock was bucking under my hand.

I slipped my jacket and shirt off and helped him off the bike. He lunged for my pants and pushed them down to my knees. He rushed back to our interrupted kissing while running his hands all around my crotch.

When he felt my prick hardening he asked if he could kiss it. Big-hearted me said yes. Kissing, to him, meant the same thing he did to my tongue. He shoved it in his mouth and ran his tongue all around it while sucking like a vacuum cleaner. If that was just "kissing," I'd like to experience what he would call a blow job.

I was dangerously close to cumming, when he pulled his mouth off my cock, and started to lick my whole groin. He turned me slowly as he washed his way around my hips and all over my butt. When he reached the split, he didn't stop. His tongue flicked up and down, working its way deeper into the crack. When it touched my bunghole, I almost came.

"Whoa! Save something for later!" I said, as I sat on the couch and stood him up in front of me. I dropped his pants to his knees and couldn't resist rubbing my whole face into his crotch. I wanted his cock to caress every part of me, but the rest had to wait. My mouth had top priority.

I tested the sponginess of the head between my lips. I squeezed hard as I pressed forward. When the wide flange slipped through, the rest sprang into my mouth and down my throat.

He began rotating his hips wildly, and then suddenly withdrew.

"I want to kiss you again!" he said, as he pulled me up by my armpits. We stood and kissed, keeping our fires simmering, just below the boiling point.

He suddenly pushed me back down on the couch and squatted between my legs. He examined my nuts close up. He felt my balls, lifted them, twisted them, bounced them and then popped them into his mouth. Then he returned to the main attraction. This time he slowly licked the entire cock before putting it in his mouth. His tongue never stopped moving, even as his head was bobbing at breakneck speed. It didn't take much of that action for me to squirt a gallon of love juice past his tonsils. He seemed startled, as if he

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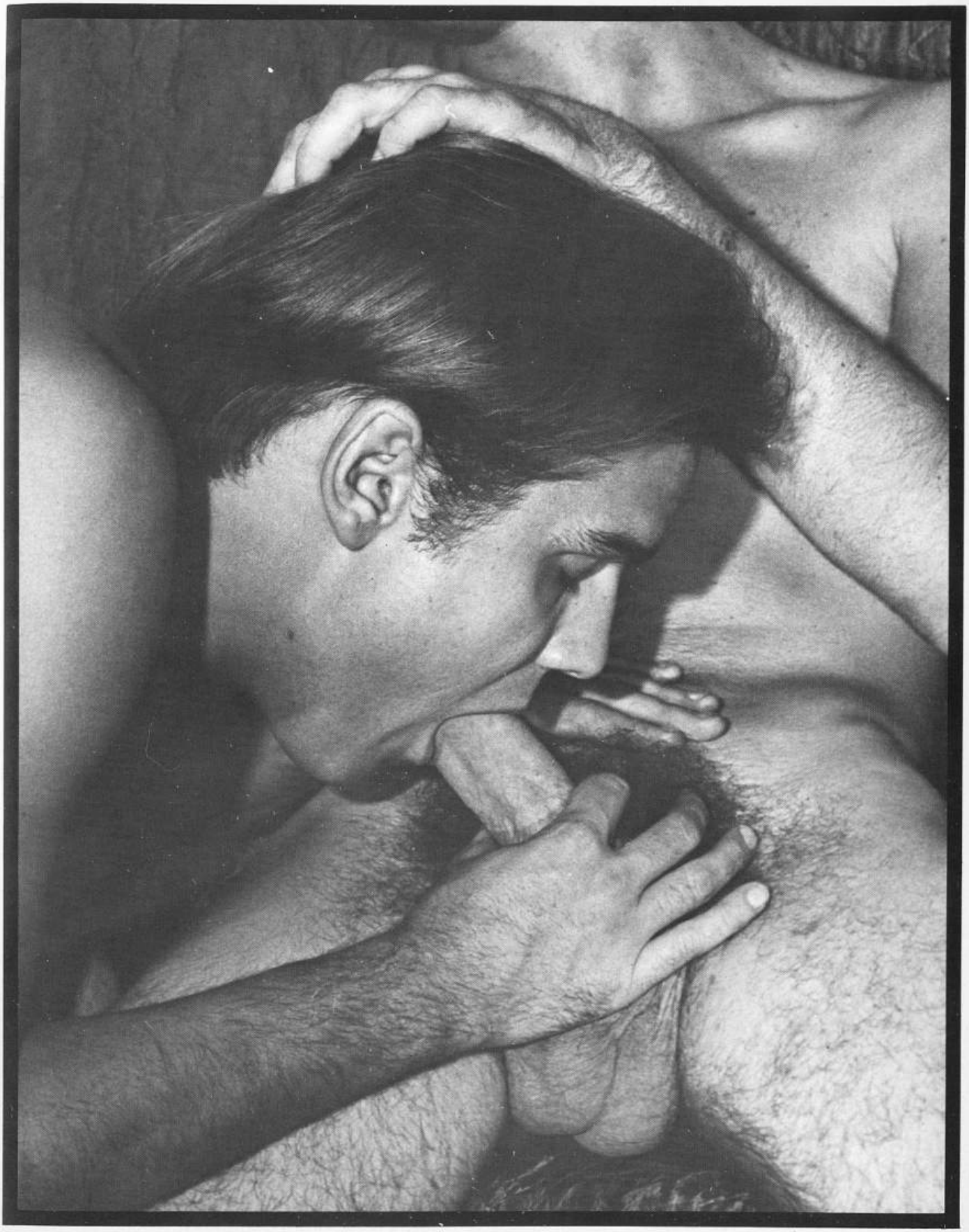

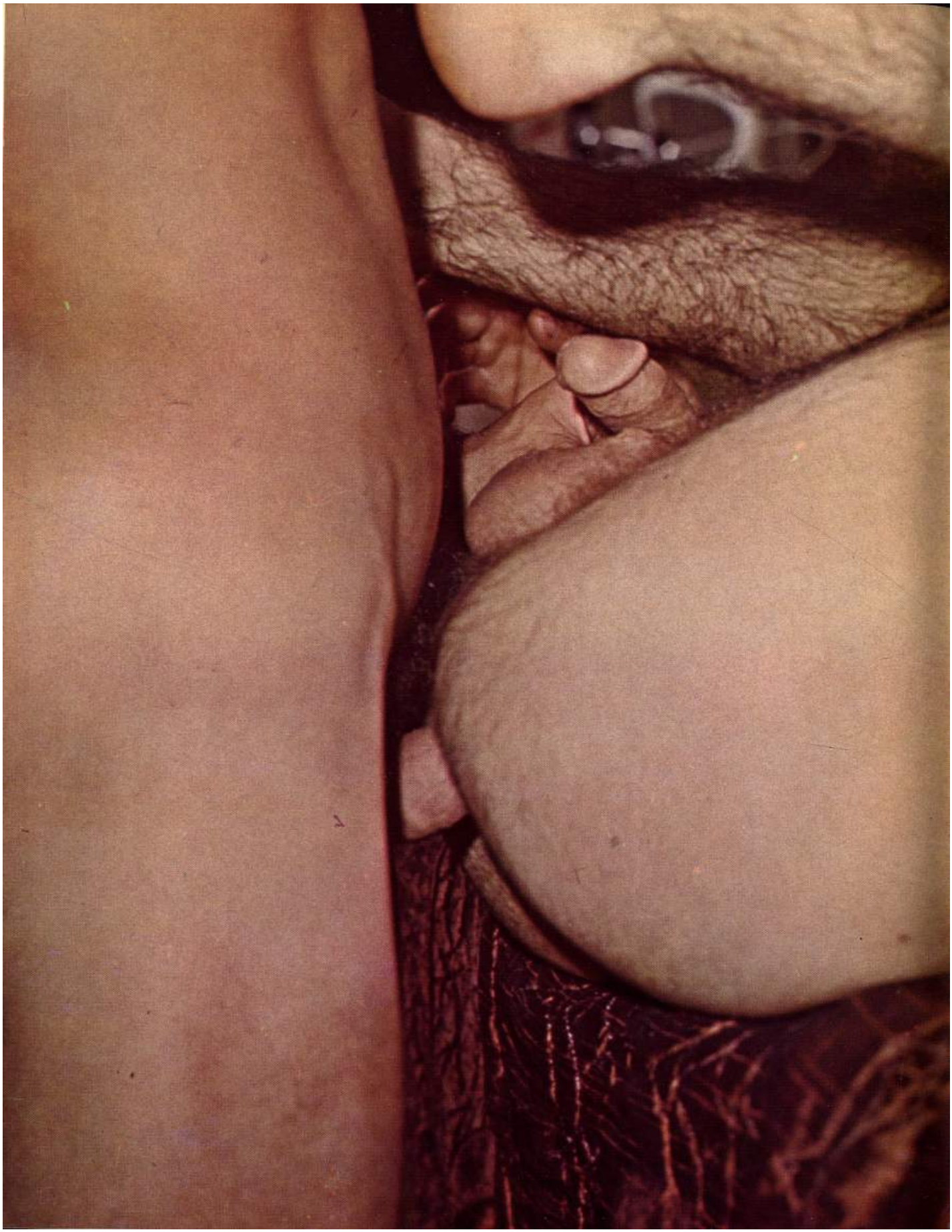

hadn't expected that to happen, but he kept up the movement until I couldn't stand it anymore and lifted his head up.

While I took a minute to catch my breath, he contented himself with running his lips and tongue all over my torso, concentrating mainly on my navel and nipples.

I laughed when I realized that he still had his pants and shorts around his ankles. I took them off as he was kissing me again.

We didn't break that kiss until I went down on his cock. I'd never met anyone as sensitive as him; he writhed and squirmed all over the couch. He was on the arm, the back, standing, sitting, lying, under me and finally, over me.

He was straddling my head as I sucked on his balls. He leaned over and grabbed my cock. Then he tongue-bathed my whole groin. I was staring up at his spread asscheeks and taking in the beauty of his puckered ring which seemed so unprotected, I almost

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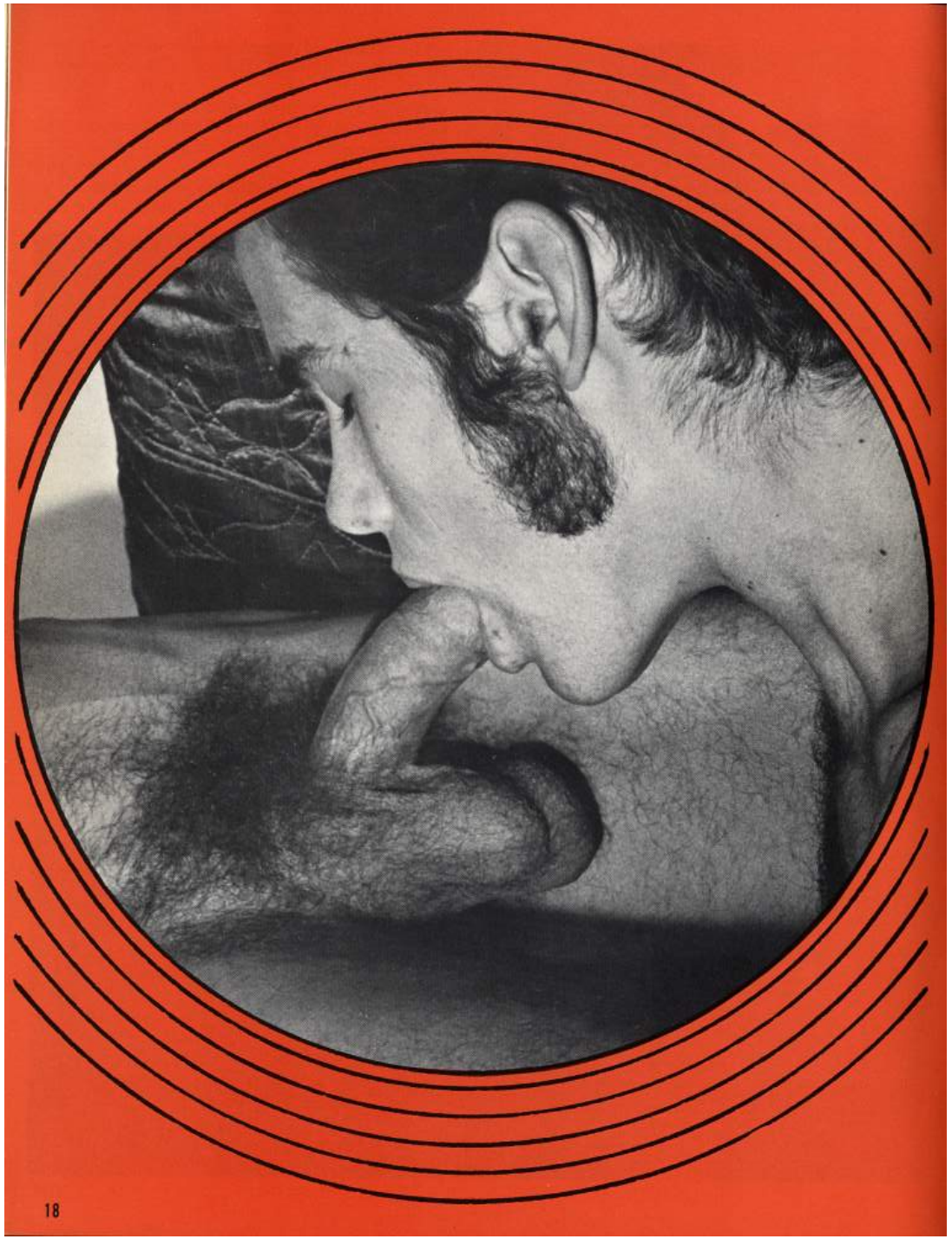
Death



"Hey! Make shorter strokes! Your cock's long, but not *that* long. Here, let's try a different position."

I took advantage of one of our disconnections to flip over onto my knees. Again he seemed fascinated by my underview. He licked and felt the whole area. He got a stranglehold on my balls while he probed my rectum with his finger.

Then, planting a juicy kiss on my butt-hole, he plunged his ramrod in to the hilt. This time he managed to keep it all in me until he started to shoot. Then he got carried away again, and I felt it slip out and spray my back with his jism. He was yelping like a puppy, as he sank down onto the floor.

His hard-on hadn't even begun to go down, so, lifting his legs up onto the couch, I sucked it to keep him in an aroused state. I didn't know how he was going to react to the next stage, and I wanted to keep

came at the thought of what I had planned for it.

As he sucked on my balls, he became curious about my lower regions. He lifted my legs until my knees hit my chin. I held them there while he scrambled around to get a better look. Now *I* was unprotected.

His tongue flooded the crack with saliva and as he returned his mouth to my balls, he felt my sphincter with his finger. The area was so wet, the finger slid in without any effort. Oh! Did that feel good!

"Fuck me, now! Go ahead, fuck me! You won't need any grease, just ram it in!"

I reached down and grabbed his prick. I guided it to the hole and eased the head in. When it was securely caught, I grabbed his hips and pulled hard. His body slammed up against my ass and his cock bolted all the way into me. He pumped with so much enthusiasm that his prick kept popping out.

the odds in my favor.

When I felt that he was on his way to another orgasm, I doubled his legs up over his body, and, leaning forward, positioned my cock at his asshole, and lunged.

A perfect hole-in-one! There was no tightening or resistance, so I pulled out all stops. I fucked like a madman! We both came at the same time. He was covered, inside and out, with a shower of cum.

Then it was time to shower the cum off us. Even under the full spray he wasn't coming clean. He kept his body pressed to mine, kissing, hugging, feeling me all over. I had to push him away to soap us up. I worked on him first.

I was almost as bad as him. Running my hands over his soap-lathered body was almost too much for me. My rip-roaring hard-on was like another arm that

wanted to roam over that body wherever my hands touched.

As I washed his nicely mounded chest, his nipples felt like spikes, they were so hard with excitement they seemed ready to pop out. I soaped down his torso to remove the cum from his stomach, and couldn't resist screwing his navel with my finger. Even that almost made me cum, I was so hot and on the verge again.

And that's saying nothing about Tom. His cock was so stretched it looked like a balloon. It was bobbing up and down and swinging in circles. He kept grabbing at me, but I pushed him away until I got us both cleaned.

I turned him around to get at his back, and almost gave up right then. The sight of his ass is the eighth wonder of the world.

I shut my eyes to see if that would help me keep

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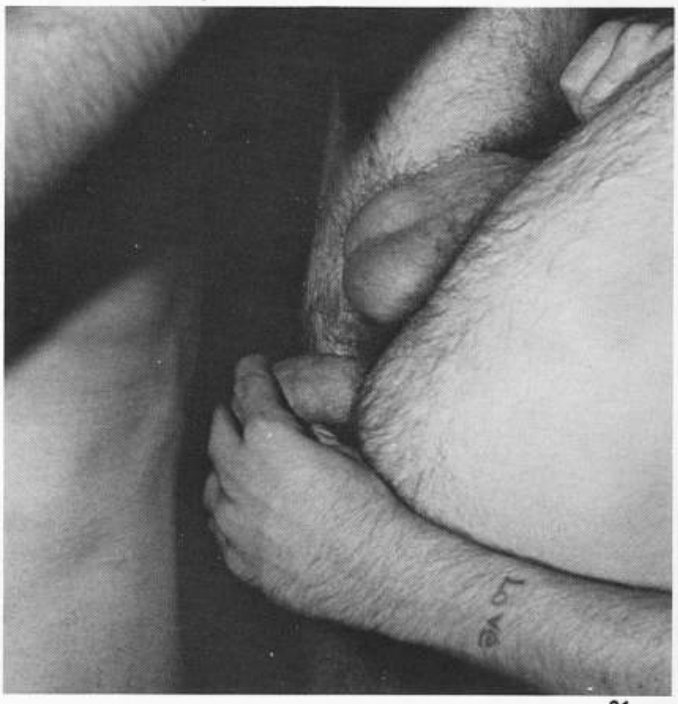


I turned him around and started licking at his calves. When I got to the hollows of his knees, he almost buckled over. This gave me a preview look at the crotch area I was slowly approaching.

The backs and insides of his thighs were next on the agenda. He leaned forward and raised a leg to give me room. There's no feeling to compare with the sensation of cock and balls and then asscheeks caressing your face as you move into that area.

I held his prick and fondled it as I licked his balls. I took turns sucking one ball and then the next. I hit them with my tongue to watch them swing. They bounced off my nose. I took one in my mouth and rolled it around, then I sucked in the other one. They puffed my cheeks out and I chewed gently on the elastic bag.

Tom was moaning and twitching. The poor kid was in an agony of anticipation and I just went that much slower. I really took my time mouthing those balls. I flipped them every which way with my tongue. I twisted them around each other. I shook my head and made them bounce. I was having a ball *(two!)*.

Then I was ready for my favorite part of the body —the triangle between the balls and the asshole. Tom had a thin row of hair outlining the triangle. I traced it with my tongue, then lavishly licked the remaining space.

(Continued on Page 30)

on with what I was doing, but it only intensified the feeling of his flesh beneath my hands. I had to hurry or I was gonna blast off into space.

I soaped myself as fast as I could while holding Tom off me. Then . . . all systems GO!

Even before all the suds were rinsed off, I captured Tom's balloon. I licked my way down his body until his cock was pushing against my adam's-apple (from the outside). In one more second, it was pushing against my adam's-apple from the inside.

I was sitting in the tub and gave long, leisurely strokes, hoping to prolong the pleasure. But Tom wasn't buying it; he was so wrought up, he was anxious to explode. I pulled my head back off it and told him to take it easy, it's a much better orgasm after a long buildup.

I put it back in my mouth and he started battering my tonsils. I gave him enough of a bite to make him stop.

I took it out of my mouth again and told him if he didn't slow down I was gonna bite it off and mount it on my wall with a plaque naming it the world's fastest orgasm machine—it wouldn't be much good for anything else. I told him, "If you want to have all-day sex, you have to learn to pace yourself. There's more to sex than just a three-second orgasm."

I had to laugh at the earnest little-boy look on his face as he said he would try.

This threw Tom's motor into high gear. He really squirmed and sounded like he was purring.

I ran my tongue back and forth over his sphincter, then jammed it into the hole. From the way the ring clenched and unclenched, I could tell that he was cumming.

"Why didn't you tell me you were about to cum? I'd have taken your load in my mouth."

"I tried to hold back, but when you stuck your tongue in my asshole, there was nothing I could do. It just flew!"

I stood up and Tom sat down. He went to work on my cock with the long slow lazy strokes I had used on him. After a while he started investigating the rest of the area. He held my prick up to get at my balls. He licked them thoroughly and set them swinging by pushing them with his nose. He sucked them one at a time and then put them both in his mouth. He did the same kind of twisting and chewing that I did to him.

He popped them out of his mouth and held them up with my prick, and started exploring the region behind them. His tongue furrowed into my crack as far as he could reach from that position.

He turned me around. I jumped when he took a big bite of my cheek. He was getting even with me for biting his cock.

He kissed the entire surface of my buttocks, sucking huge chunks into his mouth. He used both hands to knead them like pieces of dough. Then his mouth got back in the action.

He ran his tongue up and down my crack, dipping slightly into the hole as he passed it. Then he rimmed me.

I was determined to show him I wasn't just a green kid, that I could hold off shooting right away. But it was difficult. What he may have lacked in experienced technique, he made up for in sheer enthusiasm.

I was succeeding, but just barely, until, zowie, a long wet finger plunged all the way into my hole and I was a goner. I sprayed the wall, the tub and my legs with my milky jism. So much for self-control.

We managed to dry ourselves without incident. We did plenty of sucking and groping, but we didn't cum again.

While we were getting dressed, it hurt me to see Tom pull his shorts up over his beautiful butt, so I pulled them down again and jammed a finger up his hole. I kissed the cheeks as if I were never going to see them again.

He said, "I'll be back as soon as I finish dinner, and I'll ask Mom if I could stay overnight."

I biked over to the nearest hamburger stand and was back home in less than half an hour. I stripped and threw a towel around my waist to be ready to open the door when Tom knocked.

I only had ten minutes to wait. He came in carrying a flight bag. He didn't say a word. He just started pushing me towards the bedroom. He kept pushing until I fell backward onto the bed. He dropped the flight bag, stripped and jumped on top of me. We went into a clinch for what seemed like hours.

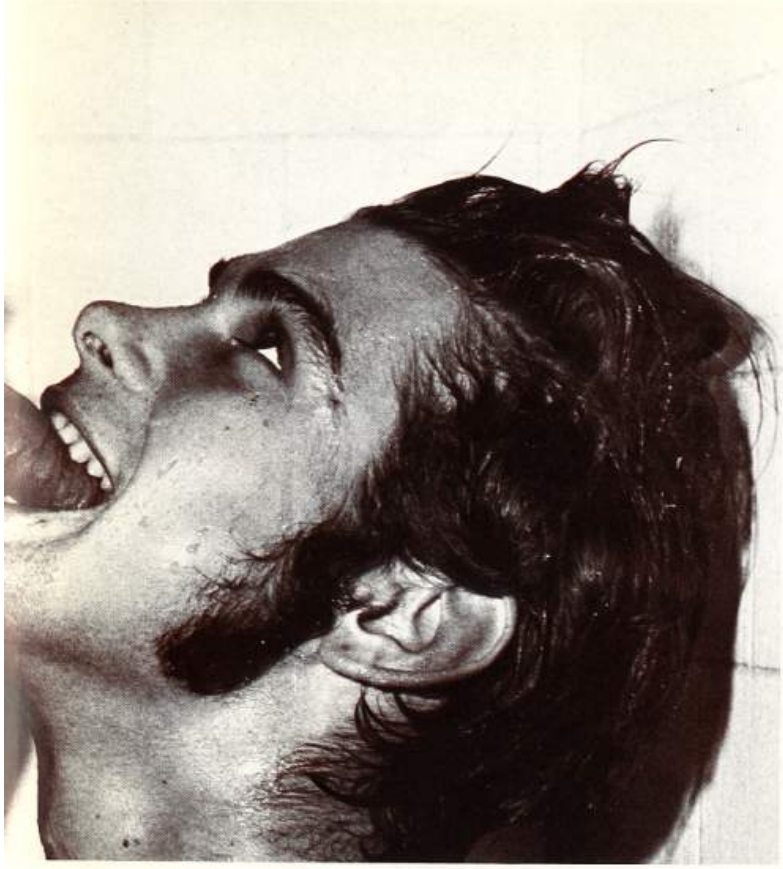
Then Tom sat up and pulled the towel off me. He straddled my crotch and I grabbed both of our hard cocks and pumped. He squirmed free and inched his way up my body. He rubbed his cock all over my face and then settled it into my mouth. He pumped with the long, slow rhythm I'd taught him.

Without removing his prick from my mouth, he worked his body around so that he could reach my cock. He pumped it a few times with his hand and then leaned over and took it in his mouth. We kept a slow-motion sixty-nine going for quite a while.

Tom got so intent on what he was doing to my cock, that he even forgot that he was fucking my mouth. He eventually pulled out and scooted around so that he could concentrate on my crotch.

He licked the underside of my prick and continued on down to my balls, sucking them into his mouth, one by one, and then both together. He washed the whole between-the-legs area before going back to my cock.

He gently licked the head and ran circles around it with his tongue. He chewed on the head with his lips,



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He gently licked the head and ran circles around it with his tongue. He chewed on the head with his lips, gradually working his way all the way down the shaft with those light nibbling motions.

As slow and gentle as he was, it was too much for me, and I came. But that didn't stop him. He kept up the nibbling until it was driving me out of my mind. I finally screamed for him to stop it, I couldn't stand it anymore.

He licked all the cum off me and then settled himself beside me and we clinched. We must have set a new record for kissing. We kept it going until we were both roaring hard again and raring to go.

This time, I straddled him. I pushed my cock into his mouth and leaned over to take his in mine. I looked at it first. I held it up, pushed it down, and bent it sideways. Whichever view I got, I had to admit, it was the most beautiful cock I had ever seen, and I had seen quite a few.

But that beautiful thing deserved more attention than just being looked at, so I made it the blue-plate special.

I started with Tom's nibbling act, only I did it faster and kept going from top to bottom and back up again. It brought Tom close to the brink too fast, so I tried a diversionary tactic.

I raised his legs up, and releasing his cock, I worked on his balls for a while. Then I continued on down to his asshole. I slicked it up good with spit and wormed

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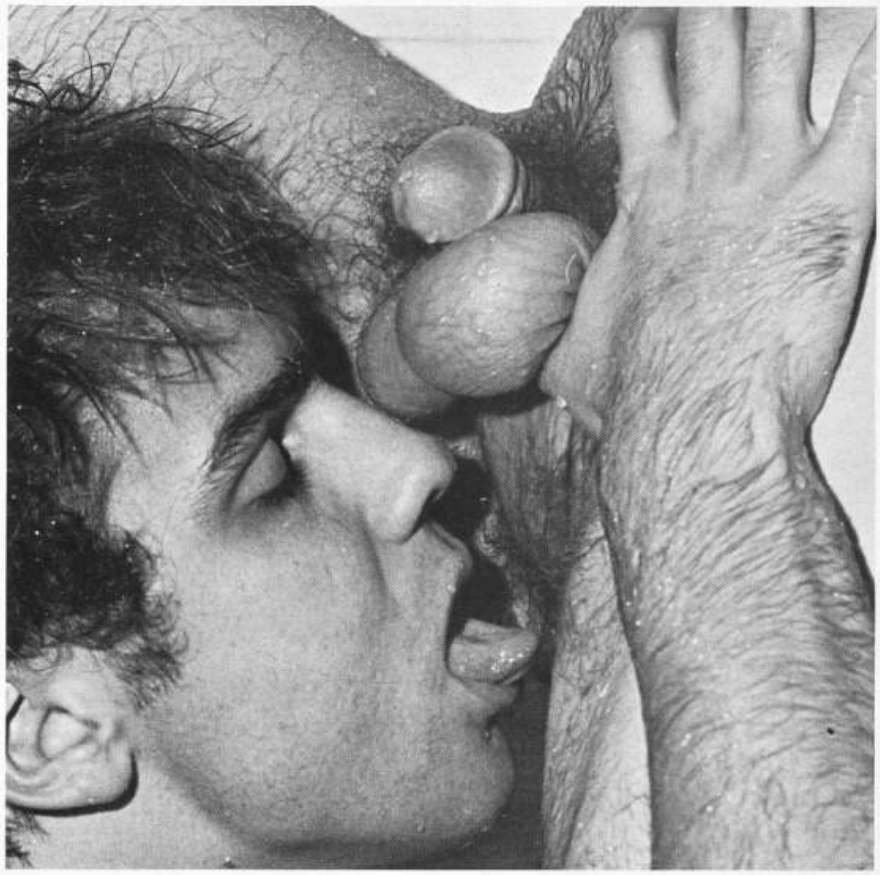
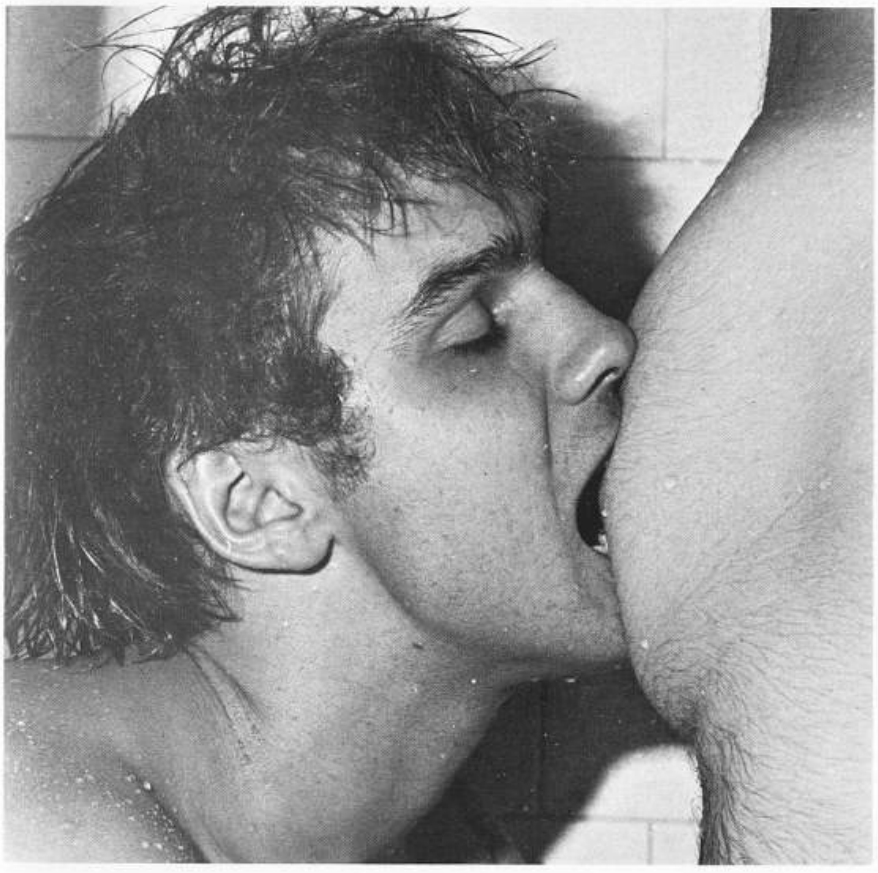


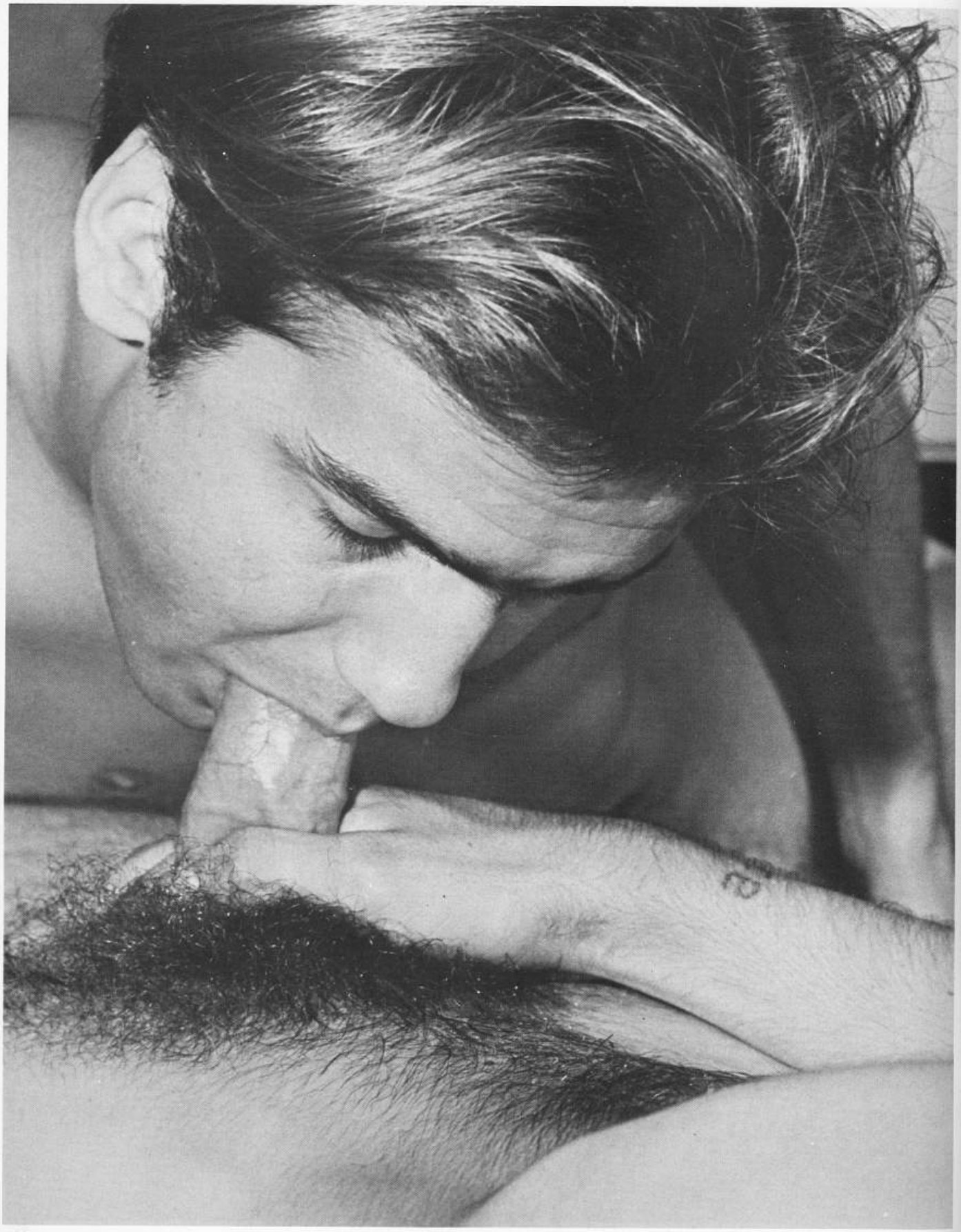


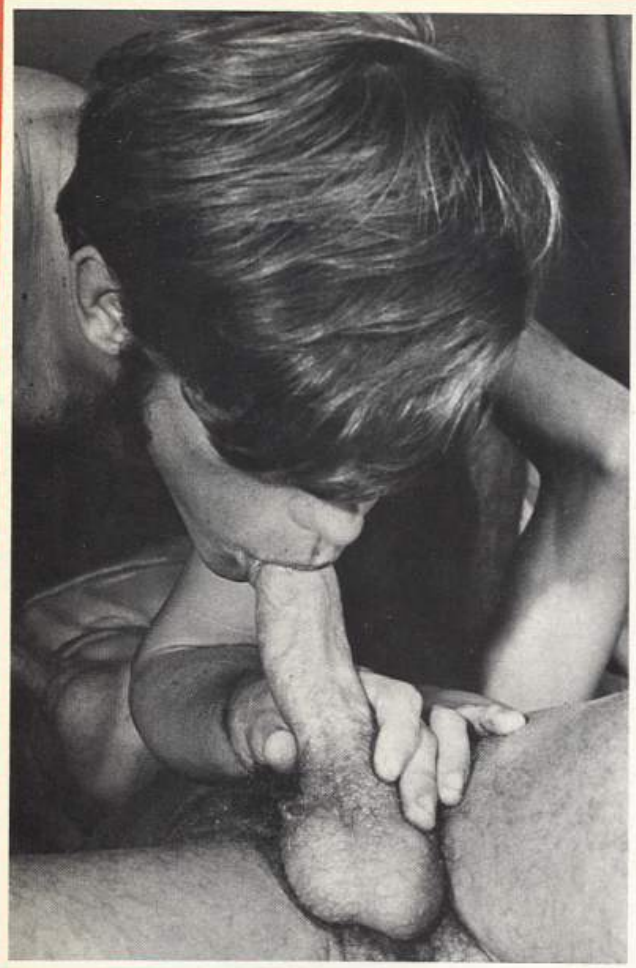
my tongue in. This time he didn't shoot immediately, but I knew he was close. So I shoved my finger in his hole as I licked my way back towards his prick.

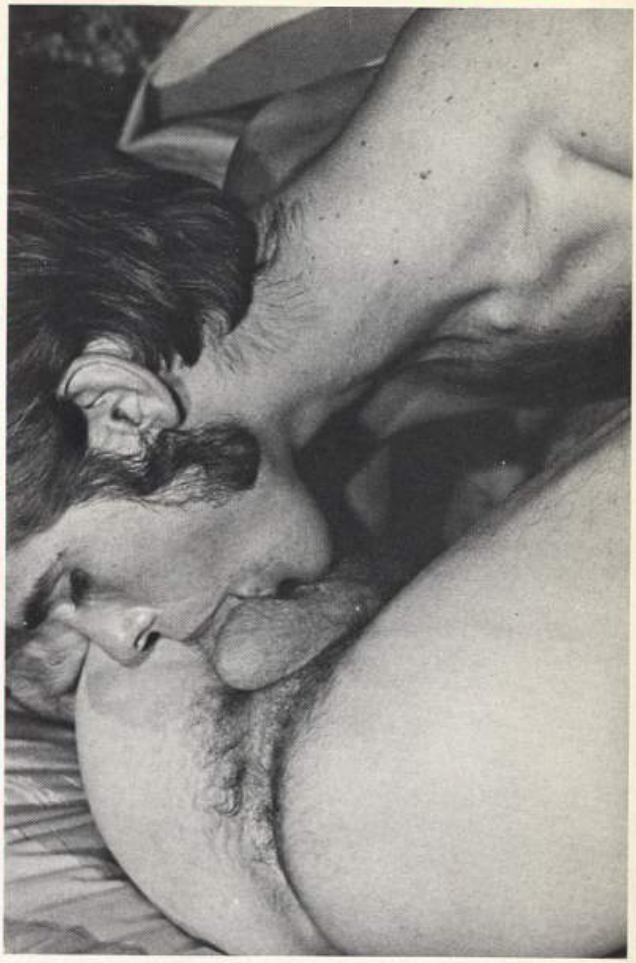
I hadn't even realized that I had moved away from his mouth, but the most important thing in the world, right then, was seeing that Tom was properly taken care of.

I went back to sucking his cock, because I wanted to be sure this load wasn't wasted. I kept a slow, but firm, pressure going, to prolong it as long as possible. I could feel the tension mount, his cock got bigger and harder and then exploded. Jets of cum shot down my throat and I swallowed as fast as I could, but I couldn't keep up with the flow. Cascades of love juice poured down his shaft. I wanted every bit of it, but I had to rest for a few minutes, to catch my breath before cleaning it all up with my tongue.

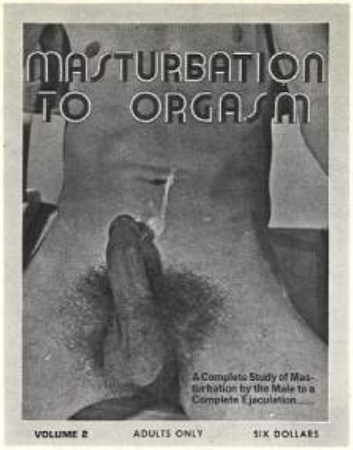
"Say, Bill, what are we gonna do in a month, when your folks get back? Mom gave me permission to live here and keep you company while they're gone. But we're gonna have to come up with a plan for later!"







Bill
Peace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